

BASEBALL CLEVELAND AGAIN TODAY

KITTRIDGE MORE THAN MAKES GOOD

His Work Demonstrates That He Is One of the Brainiest in the Business—Deleahanty Still Among the Missing.

Loftus Will Present Same Line-Up Today as That of Yesterday, With Exception of Battery—Orth to Fitch.

Malachi Kittridge, the backstop recently acquired by the Washington team, is in and has long been recognized as one of the brainiest catchers that ever donned a pad and mask, as was clearly demonstrated yesterday.

Kittridge is an old player. He has been in the baseball business for many years, and understands all of its fine points. He is an ardent admirer of Ned Hanlon, and his tactics. "Play it opposite," is his rule and motto.

With a man on second and a man on third, and only one out, Kittridge will slug the ball if the opposing infielders move up. If they stay back, he bunts. This is a policy that has been followed by Ned Hanlon all through his career as a baseball manager and a good one it has proved.

There was probably no more adept catcher in the business in catching runners off first base than Kittridge when he played on the Chicago team.

"Kit" and Old Pop Anson, who was then playing first base for the Colts, had a set of signals all their own. With men on first and second, and only one out, it was a two to one shot that the batter would attempt to sacrifice them ahead a base. Well knowing that the man on first would play far off the base, and get a good lead as soon as the ball left the pitcher's hand, he would signal for a wide one. After he had the ball in his mitt he would snap it down to Anson, and often succeeded in putting out the runner before he regained the bag. Kittridge probably caught more men on this play than any other catcher in the game.

Tough One to Lose.

Hard luck! Hard luck! Hard luck! If yesterday's first game was not a heart-breaker, there never was one. That single run acquired by Cleveland in the first inning was as good as a hundred, since the Senators were unable to even tie it, yet they outbatted their opponents and their fielding was far more brilliant.

Loftus was as weak as a kitten at the conclusion of the game, so lustily did he root.

The game was played all over again in his conclusion, and he took particular pains to point out to each and every player just where he (the player) individually could have won the game. Selbach's stupid base-running was mainly responsible, and Loftus unhesitatingly apprised him of the fact.

Lee in right was a revelation to the fans, and more than one stated that Deleahanty could extend his French leave over as long a period as he desired, since no one missed him but Loftus, who is just \$6,000 out.

No Tidings Yet.

Appropos of Deleahanty, however, the big fellow's whereabouts is still shrouded in mystery, as far as Loftus, his fellow-players, and his wife are concerned. As late as noon today no word had been heard of him.

With a year and a half salary to the good, the chances are Deleahanty is working less than his employer. "A pretty hard throw-down, isn't it?" Loftus facetiously remarked. "Yes, and a mighty hard one, too," was chorused by a hundred or more sympathetic friends.

Just what discipline will be meted out to the recalcitrant absentee is still locked safely within Loftus' bosom, but it is dollars to a last year's bonnet that he will get it good and hard, and justly so at that.

Orth to Twirl.

Much the same team played yesterday will be presented today. Orth will pitch while Drill will don the mitt. Clarke will be given full lung scope on first, while Lee and Martin will both be in the game. Moore will in all likelihood pitch for Cleveland.

Townsend is still indisposed, and it is not definitely known when he will return to the fold.

RUBE WADDELL BREAKS HIS LOSING STREAK

Rube Waddell broke his losing streak yesterday, and in consequence the Athletics took a game from Detroit 6 to 5. Attendance, 5,644.

R. H. E.
Detroit..... 0 2 2 0 1 0 0-5 8 0
Philadelphia... 2 1 0 0 2 1 0-6 11 2

Batteries—Mullin and McGuire, Waddell and Schreck. Umpire—O'Loughlin.

TIE GAME IN CHURCH BASEBALL LEAGUE

The game played in the Church League yesterday by the Temple Baptist and Fourth Presbyterian teams after eight innings of battle resulted in a tie, 6 to 6. In the eighth the contest was called on account of darkness. Sheekels, who pitched for the Fourth, held his opponents down to four hits, but was out, giving five bases on balls.

The score by innings: R. H. E.
Fourth..... 1 2 1 0 1 1 0-6 8 3
Temple..... 0 2 0 0 2 1 0-6 4 2

SOLD FIREWORKS TO CHILDREN.

George Ellis, charged with selling fireworks to children under sixteen years of age, forfeited \$20 rather than appear in the Police Court today.

WHITE SOX BOW ONCE AGAIN TO OLD RIVALS

In a fast, well-played game, New York won from Chicago, 4 to 2. Attendance, 2,305.

R. H. E.
New York..... 0 0 1 1 0 2 0-4 8 0
Chicago..... 1 0 0 0 0 0 1-2 8 0

Batteries—Wolfe and Beville; Owen, McFarland, and Slattery. Umpire—Sheridan.

BOSTON WINS OUT IN HEAVY SLUGGING MATCH

The Beaneaters won a slugfests match from St. Louis yesterday. The usual "Cy Young tuck" attended the winners. Attendance, 4,006.

R. H. E.
Boston..... 0 3 0 0 3 0 0-8 12 1
St. Louis..... 4 1 0 0 1 0 0-6 14 1

Batteries—Young and Criger; Slevor, Terry, and Kahoe. Umpires—Connelly and Hassett.

WILSON SUFFERS ITS FIRST STINGING DEFEAT

Anacostia Team Connects With Wood's Delivery and Hammers Him Hard.

Wilson Memorial suffered its first defeat yesterday at the hands of the Anacostia team.

The team from over the river batted Wood's delivery for 14 hits, which, coupled with the 6 errors of the Wilsons, netted them 17 runs.

Prevost, the gentleman who galloped around in short, took a particular liking to Wood's curves. He damaged them to the extent of a triple, a two-bagger and two singles.

Bad team work and bad management played important parts in losing the game. Had Wood been removed and another pitcher substituted, the game might have been saved. It was plain to all that Wood was easy for the Anacostia batters, but he was forced to take his bumps.

Conk was hit frequently, but he kept them well scattered, and the support accorded him of the sensational order. The score:

ANACOSTIA. AB. R. IB. PO. A. E.
Prevost, ss..... 4 4 4 0 2 1
S. Fort, 3b..... 3 2 2 0 1
Tillman, cf..... 5 1 2 0 0
Isaac, 1b..... 3 0 3 8 0 0
Phelps, 2b..... 5 1 1 2 0 0
King, c..... 4 2 1 4 1 0
Duvall, rf..... 3 2 0 0 0 0
Conk, p..... 2 2 0 0 2 0
J. Fort, lf..... 4 2 2 0 0 0

Totals..... 34 17 14 18 5 2

WILSON. AB. R. IB. PO. A. E.
Taylor, rf..... 2 1 1 0 0 0
Sanderson, cf..... 3 0 0 1 0 1
Cook, ss..... 4 1 2 0 1
Pennington, 2b..... 4 0 1 3 0 0
Boyd, lf..... 3 0 1 0 0 1
Collins, 3b..... 4 0 1 0 0 0
MacKenzie, c..... 4 2 3 10 1 2
Wood, p..... 4 2 1 0 2 0
Trower, 1b..... 3 1 2 4 0 1
Scott, lf..... 1 0 0 1 0 1

Totals..... 32 9 12 18 4 6

Earned runs—Anacostia, 8; Wilson, 4. Left on bases—Anacostia, 8; Wilson, 7. Bases on balls—Off Conk, 3; off Wood, 3. Struck out—By Conk, 1; by Wood, 2. Three-base hits—Prevost, Phelps. Two-base hits—Wood, Cook, Prevost, Isaac. Passed balls—MacKenzie, 2; King, 2. Hit by pitcher—By Wood, 4. Umpire—Sheilton.

CHOIR BOYS GO AFTER THE CRESCENTS' SCALPS

While the St. John's choir boys were on their annual outing at Dew, Va., they met and defeated the Crescents, a crack team from that part of the country, by the score of 2 to 0.

The pitching of Bachsmid and the home run of Johnschner were the features of the game.

The choir boys would like to hear from all teams averaging about fifteen years. Address all challenges to Paul P. O. Bachsmid, Jr., St. John's Church, Washington, after July 15, or John K. Holmes, 525 Eleventh Street northwest.

PETER JACKSON'S FINE MEMORIAL UNVEILED

Ceremony Attracts Thousands of Persons—Tribute to Dead Fighter.

That the late Peter Jackson was held in high esteem by his countrymen is shown by the fact that a crowd numbering several thousand assembled at Toowong Cemetery, in Australia, on May 13, to witness the unveiling of a memorial which had been erected by public subscription over the remains of the pugilist.

In its account of the event the "Sydney Referee" had this to say: "In connection with the function a combination run of all the cycling clubs took place. The buses on the route were packed and a large number traveled by train. The throng around the memorial comprised most of the men known in the athletic and sporting world. The unveiling was performed by the Hon. E. B. Forrest, M. L. A. for North Brisbane."

The memorial is a handsome one. The whole weighs ten tons. A lion on the top is 3 feet 2 inches long and 14½ inches high. It was carved from Carara marble. The structure stands 7 feet high, while the base is 6 feet 2½ inches long and 5 feet 2½ inches wide. Under the bust is the quotation from Shakespeare, "This was a man."

The Arlingtons journeyed down to Alexandria on Saturday, July 4, and met defeat at the hands of the Potomacs by a score of 10 to 9.

YACHTING

CLEVELAND PUTS A CRIMP IN SENATORS

Wins Both Games of Yesterday's Double-Header.

FAST, BRILLIANT FIELDING

Lee and Selbach, for the Home Club, and Harry Bay, for Visitors, Carry Off the Honors.

The usual peace, quiet, and serenity which pervades American League Park was rudely disturbed yesterday afternoon, and before the first of the two games between the Senators and the Clevelanders had progressed far it began to be whispered around among the 3,870 fans present that the cause of the din was Bill Clarke's coaching.

How those leather lungs of his did wake things up around that neighborhood, and the effect it had upon the home team was soon made manifest.

Two prettier games one would have to travel far to see. Both were replete with brilliant plays of the hair-raising order, with the honors, if anything, a trifle in the Senators' favor.

We Lose Both.

Cleveland won them both. The first was a pitchers' battle between Patten and Bernhard. Case let the visitors down with four hits, while Bernhard was hit for five, but, alas! they didn't materialize when needed. Lajoie's team scored one in the first inning, the solitary run of the game. Bay was out, Patten to Clarke. Bradley singled and stole second. Lajoie bowled one through Martin and was safe. Joe should have had it. Hickman sent one skyward in Sel's territory. Just as he set himself for the catch he spread his length in the lap of Mother Earth, the ball got away from him, and Bradley dented the home plate with a tally.

Fail to Connect.

Time and again after that the Senators had an opportunity to win out, but were not equal to the emergency. The necessary hit was not forthcoming, and defeat No. 1 was recorded.

Lee and Selbach fielded like colts. They sprinted and careened about the field and trapped seemingly impossible balls. Each was cheered to the echo.

Kittridge caught a finished and careful game and rapped out a beauty hit the first time up. All in all, the game was quite the prettiest seen in Washington in years.

The second game was a different proposition, however. While the Senators fielded in their same brilliant style their woeful weakness with the stick left little doubt as to the outcome of the contest.

Joss Invincible.

Joss held his opponents safe at all times, and when he unwound himself and let the sphere go it in nearly every instance resulted in another chance offered and accepted by some member of the team behind him. Lee was a host in himself, covering as much ground as any fielder who has ever played here. Harry bay not excepted.

Wilson, who was on the Senatorial slab, although starting off like a ten-times winner, let down sufficiently to get several hits bunched. Eight hits in all were secured off his delivery, and of these three were triples and one a two-sacker. Washington could get but four hits—that tells the tale.

Score of First Game.

WASHINGTON. AB. R. IB. PO. A. E.
Moran, ss..... 4 0 1 3 2 0
Selbach, lf..... 3 0 1 2 0 0
Clarke, 1b..... 3 0 0 13 2 0
Ryan, cf..... 3 0 1 3 0 0
Lee, rf..... 4 0 1 3 0 0
Martin, 2b..... 3 0 0 2 0 1
Robinson, 2b..... 3 0 0 1 3 0
Kittridge, c..... 3 0 1 2 2 0
Patten, p..... 3 0 0 2 3 0

Totals..... 29 0 5 27 14 1

CLEVELAND. AB. R. IB. PO. A. E.
Bay, cf..... 4 0 1 3 0 1
Bradley, 3b..... 4 1 2 2 3 0
Lajoie, 2b..... 4 0 0 1 4 0
Hickman, 1b..... 3 0 1 13 0 0
McCarthy, lf..... 4 0 0 1 0 0
Flick, rf..... 3 0 0 0 0 0
Gochnaur, ss..... 3 0 0 2 4 0
Bemis, c..... 3 0 0 5 0 0
Bernhard, p..... 3 0 0 0 5 0

Totals..... 30 1 4 27 16 1

First base on errors—Washington, 1; Cleveland, 1. Left on bases—Washington, 4; Cleveland, 4. First base on balls—Off Patten, 1. Struck out—By Patten, 2; by Bernhard, 4. Sacrifice hits—Selbach and Clarke. Stolen bases—Ryan, Lee, and Bradley (2). Umpires—Messrs. Drill and Moore. Time of game—1 hour and 30 minutes.

Score of Second Game.

WASHINGTON. AB. R. IB. PO. A. E.
Moran, ss..... 4 0 1 2 2 0
Selbach, lf..... 4 0 0 0 0 0
Clarke, 1b..... 3 0 0 9 0 0
Ryan, cf..... 3 0 1 2 0 0
Lee, rf..... 2 1 1 6 0 0
Martin, 2b..... 3 0 0 2 0 0
Robinson, 2b..... 3 0 1 3 3 0
Kittridge, c..... 3 0 0 3 0 0
Wilson, p..... 2 0 0 4 0 0
Carey..... 1 0 0 0 0 0

Totals..... 29 1 4 27 9 0

*Batted for Wilson in the ninth.
CLEVELAND. AB. R. IB. PO. A. E.
Bay, cf..... 4 0 1 3 0 1
Bradley, 3b..... 3 0 0 2 2 0
Lajoie, 2b..... 4 0 1 0 5 1
Hickman, 1b..... 3 0 0 16 0 0
McCarthy, lf..... 4 1 1 2 0 0
Flick, rf..... 3 0 2 3 0 0
Gochnaur, ss..... 3 0 2 2 0 0
Abbott, c..... 3 0 1 2 0 0
Joss, p..... 4 0 0 0 5 0

Totals..... 32 3 8 27 15 1

Washington..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0
Cleveland..... 1 0 0 0 0 0 0-1

Left on bases—Washington, 2; Cleveland, 4. Struck out—By Wilson, 1; by Joss, 1. Three-base hits—Lajoie, Flick (2). Two-base hits—Lee, Moran, Abbott.

Lee hit the score-board on the fly, in the fifth, for two sacks.

STANDING OF TEAMS IN BOTH LEAGUES

AMERICAN.
Won. Lost. P.Ct.
Boston..... 42 23 .646
Philadelphia..... 38 27 .586
Cleveland..... 33 28 .549
New York..... 30 28 .517
Chicago..... 30 30 .500
Detroit..... 28 32 .467
St. Louis..... 26 32 .443
Washington..... 17 45 .274

NATIONAL.
Won. Lost. P.Ct.
Pittsburgh..... 47 20 .701
New York..... 40 22 .646
Chicago..... 39 27 .591
Cincinnati..... 31 30 .508
Brooklyn..... 32 31 .508
Boston..... 26 37 .491
St. Louis..... 22 44 .333
Philadelphia..... 19 44 .302

RESULTS OF GAMES PLAYED YESTERDAY

AMERICAN.
Cleveland, 1; Washington, 0.
Cleveland, 3; Washington, 1.
Philadelphia, 6; Detroit, 5.
Boston, 8; St. Louis, 4.
New York, 5; Chicago, 2.

NATIONAL.
Pittsburgh, 4; Philadelphia, 3.
Brooklyn, 9; Cincinnati, 3.
Cincinnati, 11; Brooklyn, 3.
New York, 5; Chicago, 1.

WHERE THEY PLAY TODAY.

AMERICAN.
Cleveland at Washington.
Detroit at Philadelphia.
St. Louis at Boston.
Chicago at New York.

NATIONAL.
Philadelphia at Chicago.
Brooklyn at Pittsburgh.
Boston at Cincinnati.
New York at St. Louis.

Sacrifice hits—Lee, Bradley, Flick, Abbott. Double play—Gochnaur to Hickman. Hit by pitcher—By Wilson, 1. Umpires—Messrs. Drill and Moore. Time of game—1 hour and 18 minutes.

Notes of the Games.

We lost them both!

And wasn't it hot?

Maybe Bradley wouldn't fit in nicely!

Inability to hit was responsible for the losses of both games.

Old reliable Jimmy Ryan proved himself but a broken reed in the first.

Moran's stop, recover, and throw of Bay's hot one in the third, was a beauty.

Kittridge received an ovation when he first came up, and, contrary to all traditions, made a hit.

Ryan's hit in the fourth was a lucky one, the ball bounding over Hickman's head, and giving Jeebs a life.

Jimmy stole second in the same inning when Bernhard made a full arm swing in delivering the ball to the plate.

Harry Bay's catch of Kittridge's drive in the fifth was a cracker. The fleet-footed little feller virtually fell faster than the ball, but he held it, worse luck.

Wyatt Lee is "some pumpkins in the field," too, if anybody should ask you. His catch of McCarthy's fly was a pip-kin.

Selbach also made a pretty catch off Gochnaur in the seventh.

Wilson! That's all!

Those doughty Clevelanders made Wyatt Lee earn his dinner all O. K.

Drill is not a bad indicator handler.

Lee's two-bag plunk was a high ball. Others were in order after the game.

Kittridge receives behind the bat like a cashier behind the wire screen in a bank. All coming in and nothing going out.

Moran's two-sacker was a screamer, but it came at the eleventh hour when there was nothing to it.

When Jimmy Ryan goes after a fly in the outer bulwarks he does an old-fashioned hornpipe. "But Jeebs gets 'em just do same."

In the eighth inning Drill, who was umpiring behind the bat, called time in order to get a ball, just as Wilson drew back his hand to send the leather-covered globe hurtling through the air. He caught himself but made a sort of balk. Lajoie bawled "How's that for a balk?"

"Pretty good. How do you like it?" retorted Lew. "I called time though."

"What right have you to call time. That must be a college rule, but it doesn't go in this league."

"Play ball!" bawled the indicator handler.

And the far-famed Lajoie of heavy-swinging and iron-jaw fame became as quiet as a mouse in a country churchyard and looked as cheap as a pawed-over remnant on a bargain counter in a department store.

Wilson exercised poor judgment in the fifth; Bay bunted to "Abey," who, instead of throwing to second to head off McCarthy, threw to first.

Lee hit the score-board on the fly, in the fifth, for two sacks.

SMITH COMPLETELY OUTPOINTS CORBETT

Philadelphian Makes Champion Look Cheap.

DENVER FIGHTER HOG FAT

Quaker Jabbed and Poked at Will, and Had He Waited Could Have Knocked Him Out.

Young Corbett, who wrestled the title of featherweight champion from "Terry" McGovern, was made to look like a novice at the boxing game last night by "Sammy" Smith at the National Athletic Club, Philadelphia. Beginning with the second round, Smith was all over the champion, landing straight lefts and rights with a freedom that visibly disconcerted his doughty opponent. In the vernacular of the ring, Smith jabbed his head off.

The first round very nearly ended the bout. Smith made a bad mistake of forcing the milling and mixing it up roughly with the champion. This was entirely to the latter's liking, and the local boxer was down three times in the initial round, taking the limit the first two instances, and the bell saving him the third time.

This was the only time that Corbett had a chance to stop his clever opponent. While Smith was down three times in the remaining rounds, his falls were due more to slipping than blows from the champion. Profiting by the experience of the first round, Smith avoided Corbett in the remaining rounds. The Quaker man jabbed the Denver boy with straight lefts until Corbett would force him to a corner, when Smith would cleverly evade him or clinch.

"Champ" Hog Fat.

Corbett was hog fat. The superfluous tissue hung in rolls around his stomach and back. He perspired freely, and puffed like a winded race horse. In the early rounds his lack of condition did not seem to effect the force of his blows, but as the bout progressed he tired very fast, and his vigor was entirely lacking.

In the final round he was so completely exhausted that he could hardly hold up his guard, and had Smith been capable of giving him the blow he could easily have ended the contest then and there. The champion almost staggered from exhaustion. Smith, on the other hand, was in perfect physical condition, and he showed it in every round.

Both men looked for an opening in the first round. Smith jabbed the champion in the face with his left, and the latter ripped his right into Smith's stomach. Then followed a clinch. Smith jabbed with his right, and before he could get away Corbett whipped his right across, catching Smith full on the jaw, and the latter went down heavily.

Down, But Not Out.

He arose before the count, however, and clinched to save himself from the savage onslaughts of the champion, who was bent on finishing his opponent with the least labor possible. Smith foolishly led again, and just as he was getting away Corbett caught him on the jaw with a short left hook, and he went down again. The bell alone saved him.

The second opened with Smith very careful. In the mixup, however, Corbett landed another swinging right, and down went the Philadelphia for the full count. Then the complexion of the contest changed. Smith adopted entirely different tactics. He stood at full distance and simply toyed with his opponent, jabbing him repeatedly with his left and often reaching him full in the face with his right before Corbett could throw up his guard.

The third, fourth, fifth, and final rounds were all in favor of Smith. Corbett hardly reached his opponent. The champion was looking for a knockout blow in each one of these rounds, and Smith rained left and right jabs squarely in the champion's face.

Corbett Winded.

In the opening of the fifth Corbett caught Smith with a right and left, but his steam had gone and they did no damage. Smith went down in this round twice, but both were more from slipping than from the force of Corbett's blows.

The wildest excitement prevailed during the last round. Corbett sprang to the center of the ring, determined to put out his more skilled opponent, but Smith reciprocated not only by jabbing him with both hands, but upstaged him savagely.

Corbett, with bulging tenacity, forced the bout right up to the sound of the gong, coming at his opponent with head down, receiving the rain of blows as though his opponent were not hitting him. Corbett finally became so weak that he made no attempt to defend himself, and Smith jabbed him at will, and had the latter's physical stamina been equal to the effort he could have accomplished a knockout.

HURRAH FOR THE MARINES: THEY HONOR THE SERVICE

The Times is in receipt of the following: Wilmington, Del., July 6, 1903.

Sporting Editor The Times:

Dear Sir: I wish to say a few words in commendation of the Marine Baseball Team, which played here on July 4. The men comprising the team are gentlemen, and made a favorable impression on the crowd which saw them. I hope their officers will let them off frequently, so that the country at large may see the kind of men who are in Uncle Sam's service. I am, yours respectfully,

W. M. CONNELLY.

Manager Wilmington Baseball Club.

MR. EVANS, GENTLEMAN RIDER, HERO OF TRACK

Falls, Remounts, and Rides Howard Gratz Home Third.

CROWD APPLAUDS GAMENESS

Trouble Occurred in the Stirrup Cup, an Event Over the Full Steeple-chase Course.

For courage and tenacity of purpose, the "gentleman jockeys" of America are infinitely superior to their professional brethren. In the Stirrup Cup, a steeple-chase over the full course, at the Sheepshead Bay track yesterday, two amateur riders, Mr. Evans and Mr. Kelly, gave a remarkable exhibition of what horsemen call "gameness."

The seven riders in this event were all qualified amateur jockeys of this country and Canada—the pick of the cross-country riders of both countries. Tankard, ridden by Sidney Holloway, was a slight favorite over Hawk Forward (Mr. Harris), Higbie (Mr. Kelly), Adjaumo (Mr. Page), Howard Gratz (Mr. Evans), Perion (Mr. Wilmerding), and Meadow Lark (Mr. Batjer).

Higbie Tumbles.

Higbie acted as pacesetter for a mile and a half. At the "Liverpool," the second time around the course, he went a "cropper," and Mr. Kelly was thrown over his head. Tankard then assumed command and held it to the end, winning easily from Adjaumo, who was ridden hard all the way by Mr. Page.

Meanwhile Mr. Kelly had remounted Higbie and raced after the leaders. At the last jump, a hedge fence, Howard Gratz, while third, twenty lengths before Higbie, fell. Mr. Evans was not hurt by his fall and jumped to his feet